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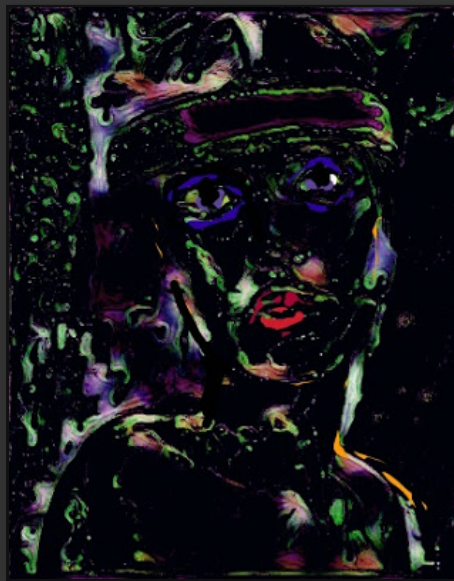


# X-Peri

a stream for high experimentalism

Saturday, November 25, 2017

## Adam Fieled, Swiss Army Knife



Lizzie Lifted Up My Wrist, image by Irene Koronas

## Swiss Army Knife

Lizzie enlisted her Swiss Army knife, started sawing away at my arm as I arranged my rock collection in our dirty basement, which she was visiting. Joanna dozed in the corner. As she saw first blood, Lizzie lifted up my wrist, which was being used, & sucked away. It so happens this, my first genuine affair, hit me at three, with a witch & a vampire who I loved, but who lived to rock the proverbial boat. I took her on

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- ▶ [2019](#) (33)
- ▶ [2018](#) (66)
- ▼ [2017](#) (102)
  - ▶ [December](#) (9)
  - ▼ [November](#) (9)
    - [Adam Fieled, Swiss Army Knife](#)
    - [George Ttoouli, from does anyone know the plural o...](#)
    - [Alex S. Johnson, Most of the Facilities](#)
    - [David Alpaugh, GOON RIVER ANTHOLOGY, Seven Double-...](#)
    - [AC Evans, THE ENIGMATIC SMILE](#)
    - [Alex Lundy, Inkblot Series](#)
    - [L.I.F.E Scripted by Sliirynxs, Sliilith, Sliimoth&...](#)
    - [Marco Giovenale, 6 Glitchasemics](#)
    - [Michael Mc Aloran, Untitled #2 from vapour tones](#)
  - ▶ [October](#) (11)
  - ▶ [September](#) (10)
  - ▶ [August](#) (5)
  - ▶ [July](#) (8)
  - ▶ [June](#) (13)
  - ▶ [May](#) (8)
  - ▶ [April](#) (5)
  - ▶ [March](#) (10)
  - ▶ [February](#) (5)
  - ▶ [January](#) (9)
- ▶ [2016](#) (129)
- ▶ [2015](#) (44)

rock collecting expeditions in the woods  
near the Old York Road Little League fields,  
& she remained happy as long as her steel  
did its business, which I liked then, still feel.

—Adam Fieled

Posted by [X-Peri](#) at [7:56:00 PM](#)



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# X-Peri

a stream for high experimentalism

Tuesday, September 4, 2018

## Adam Fieled, Feel



Philly Thermal, image by Adam Fieled

## Feel

I.  
I saw the greatest artists of my generation parched, hardened & scarred  
by a virtual machine,  
blood cleaned from shiny surfaces, purposed to cut out the soul's wisdom, the  
body's  
agita, the heart's  
heaviness, creators neutered & spayed by a decaying empire, wired  
for a never-ending battle  
w/ bureaucrats, corporate drones & art-world phonies, bones rattling  
in Philly February snow & ice,  
D.C.'s perpetual snooze, loose NYC streets that tighten round the Village,  
while they tried to chill-pill themselves,  
direct their energy to the task at hand, finding a plan, an escape route from playing  
cogs, greased-gears freezing all around them—  
who worked for banks & were fired for downloading porn, moved into dank South Philly  
studios, recorded, put out CDs, whored themselves to wine-stores & occult dives  
where poor mottled matrons paid ten dollars for card readings & felt themselves  
bleed at the collapse of the Tower,  
who stripped, did coke, published poems on the Net, learned massage, started as Temps,  
ended as Temps, sang dirges at West Philly art-parties for free Schlitz, dove-  
tailed joints in brick alleyways, scars glossed over w/ blush, sweaty-breasted,  
who wrote comic book epics for guitar & voice, developed mystical Jesus raps at Goth  
clubs, Christian-blissed as Trent Reznor blared through stacks of amps & love-  
boys got blow-jobs in corners,  
who were pregnant at 21, had & ignored the kid, got locked in jail for neglect, expecting  
daddy to come w/ bail, no help from a shitty city,

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- ▼ 2018 (48)
  - ▼ September (2)
    - [Adam Fieled, Feel](#)
    - [David Alpaugh, THREW.../MATTER...](#)
  - August (3)
  - July (5)
  - June (5)
  - May (7)
  - April (4)
  - March (11)
  - February (4)
  - January (7)
- 2017 (102)
- 2016 (129)
- 2015 (44)

who threw out poetry to work for an architect, drank w/ kids in Manayunk bars  
& got a beer-gut, "make it new" screwed into soft-fucks,  
who were forced into drag by failure, post-avant punk records dis-chorded into oblivion,  
scarcely attended bumper-boring tours from Alaska to Milan,  
who made the cover of the City Paper, lost a sugar-mommy & dealt coke, wigger pants,  
trench-coated, eyes bleary, nose runny, walking round & round liquor  
stores miming interest in Pinot Grigio,  
who got on planes to London to live in sardine tins, no sex for two years, music biz lies  
don't work even near the Hyde Park Serpentine,  
who spent afternoons at McGlinchy's cadging Manhattans, making out w/  
strangers,  
blowing band dudes w/ Ron Wood haircuts, dreaming of a Khyber stage &  
the place packed,  
who lost a hustler father to heart failure, took Greyhounds to Atlantic City weekends, put  
trust-fund dollars on poker chips glistening black in the lurid light, ice rattling  
in gin tumblers, Italian pimps leaning forward for the kill in silk pants,  
who painted Apollos & Athenas in high-windowed studios in the Gilbert Building,  
getting laid on pull-out black sofas stained cadmium red,  
who went to D.C. to lobby, did puppet shows miming councilmen in Philly, gave up lit  
to look for kinks in The System & were left holding onions in the Italian  
Market,  
who managed Chinese restaurants in State College, sang shirtless for bands at the White  
Lodge, sailed off to Oregon looking for a label,  
who followed two L.A. chicks from Bar Noir to Ocean City, snorting H off a hotel toilet  
& becoming a ghost & drifting down halls & collapsing on carpeted stairs,  
who played soccer w/ tin cans on summer afternoons in alleys off of South Street, Blow  
Fly singing "you're too fat to fuck" in the background,  
who took in jail-bait to complete a ménage a trios, then watched her try to jump out the  
window of the Highwire Gallery, strip at parties but for a thong, get  
arrested for stealing from a Verizon register, all the while keeping two  
boyfriends in South Jersey, construction workers, blind to the bricks,  
who spent nights chasing hipster-girls in Upper Darby, paying the cab-fare from Dirty  
Frank's, then left to rot on the downstairs couch surrounded by plastic  
Christmas candles & a mother's footsteps down the stairs,  
who curated minor shows at the Kelly Writer's House, dreaming of future glory, having  
Koons & Schnabel show up & kiss ass to the one & only,  
who shouted at drunken idiots through bull-horns on 4<sup>th</sup> Street Mardi Gras, perched in  
windows like Dada ready-made patrolmen,  
who took girls to the Walnut Street Bridge & laid in the grass at midnight, 'til cops white  
blazing light scared their pants on in the summer mist,  
who stumbled half-awake onstage at Doc Watson's, ploughed through a short set & sat at  
the bar knocking back Tequilas, eager for the next gig,  
Grape Street, Pontiac Grille, La Tazza, Balcony, hallowed stages where the eternally  
neglected Philly bands knocked out Fixx-mixed Corgan-riffed Patti  
Smith blues, watched by no one in particular, & thus by the Gods,  
who started independent newspapers & did press-runs of 10,000, garnering national  
acclaim & absolutely no money,  
who worked nights at the Taco House on Pine Street, smoking pot in the back room,  
scribbling notes for an endless first novel to be read at Molly's Books  
while despair unfolded of ever knowing anything about sex,  
& who therefore threw out a U of Arts degree to strip, thinking of Colette & Courtney  
Love, wanting to know what this flesh thing was all about,  
who died in obscurity in Roxborough, then had volumes of poems thrown away by a  
jealous lover who was somehow managing the estate, & is therefore even  
more obscure, Alexandra, unacknowledged legislator of Philly lit,  
stalking health food at Essene, reading at Robin's, always taking the bus,  
a car too much hassle & no time to scribble poems in the back,  
what were you working for if not eternity? Your name up in the klieg lights of greatness,  
may happen yet, some of us are holding a torch, will continue to, for you—  
who had pictures taken w/ Allen Ginsberg, then locked themselves in the house once the  
Painted Bride Quarterly was gone for good,  
who were reduced to writing fishing books when the poetry wouldn't fly, then insisted on  
comparing themselves to Joyce, Proust, & Kafka,  
who hooked up w/ metal-faced teenagers in stairwells, sucking on brass where a nipple  
should've been, riding a nitrous high into a screened window,  
who met guys on the Internet & moved up to Philly from Florida, settled in studios at  
Juniper & Locust & were watched by pervs in the parking lot next door,  
& then joined spoken-word bands & did shows in baby-doll dresses, took up w/ a poet,  
got cheated on by a poet & went back to Florida & came back again,  
who decorated an apartment w/ fourteen dead Christmas trees, licked up pine needles  
on slow nights & had whiskey-drunk one-night stands to kill time,  
who decided to move to L.A., was psyched to move to L.A., got everything packed to  
move to L.A. & then realized that there wasn't any money left,  
or moved to L.A. via Daddy's money & helped sign bands to major labels, gave up  
painting, got a new boyfriend & turned into a palm tree,  
who appointed themselves guardians of Duchamp's bikes, staged toilet races in Old City,  
installed grungy bathtubs, humongous cheese graters & doodles of teeth being  
shaved in space 1026, welded themselves to the Last Drop & the Bean, were  
followed by throngs of Dada-minded hipsters, then went into hiding,  
who bought condos off Washington Square, were ripped off by newspapers, wrestled  
w/ an incomplete second novel & an NYC agent w/ a talent for evasion,  
who wrote columns for Philly Weekly & earned the hatred of hipsters for loving Simon  
& Garfunkel, saw the world behind thick glasses, wrote songs & earned a  
modest following & was then murdered by a divorce,

who found themselves up against an Ivy League wall, fought the Philistines w/ Keats,  
& made Penn bow down to the genius of Wordsworth,  
who sat in coffee shops talking poetics & politics, acknowledging the impotence of the  
current generation in fighting Bush & his cronies,  
& also acknowledging that this generation is a small generation & virtual & unlikely  
to change anything substantial now that the Boomers run everything, & it'll  
be this way 'til they die out, thirty more years of boredom,  
who served cocktails to Centrist poets in Boston, had miscellaneous affairs w/ Philly  
writers & others, wanted to be Bonnie & Clyde w/ out Clyde,  
who made a mint off a rock record in Japan, spent it all & started Temping, all the while  
looking to keep falling in love all the time in the Village,  
who put together multi-media shows, served hash brownies & whiskey, made a little  
money & used it to buy more hash,  
who e-mailed Noam Chomsky, decided not to be Zionist & took off a Star-of-David,  
realizing that the Holy Land is only an interior reality,  
who went to live on a kibbutz & came back disillusioned w/ everything & not having  
fought in the army went out & bought guns instead,  
who fled to San Francisco for no apparent reason after putting out a book in Philly &  
watching it sit unmolested at Book Trader,  
who was fired from Barnes & Noble for feeling up female employees, worked in a loony  
bin, wrote in the loony bin, then caved in & joined the Masters program at  
Temple,  
who roamed Villanova searching for dead souls, waiting for the words to come back as  
years slipped away into a haze of academic mediocrity,  
who stood in line w/ bags of pasta at dollar stores, picked up butts from sidewalks, took  
resin hits, chomped on bits of stale bread & shat in buckets,  
who did Action paintings on cold nights in Northern Liberties, slaved away at Office  
Cents lugging parcels around Center City, latched onto female grad students w/  
swank apartments & made slow-motion art movies of silent screams & hollering  
demons wading through the half-frozen Delaware,  
who painted Kabbalistic cool-color fantasies & sent them to Tyler openings, managed  
restaurants & threw canvases away & walked around Germantown awaiting the  
arrival of the Sixth Race who will cool the Earth & set it on the Tree of Life  
& protect it from malignant ministers of Malkuth,  
who retreated to Philly after 9/11 to find the city half-dead & the sinking stink of global  
warming hovering over Rittenhouse Square like a huge clove of garlic, & the  
vampires w/ Gucci glasses wandering & watching & warping what tenderness  
remained for lovers of cigars & Salman Rushdie,  
who mourned for Rachel Corrie from a perch at the Good Dog, wrote secret pro-  
Palestinian pamphlets & hid them under socks & condoms,  
who tried painting & poetry & music but found the balance in yoga, only to find the  
yogic mind devalued in the capitalist slip-stream of a run-down economy, &  
thus made plans to go to New Mexico for the summer & squat amidst clay,  
who found themselves a million miles away from everything on Race Street, so retreated  
to Cherry St. to hit on Moore girls & manicure-giving bar-maids, & took one  
home & found her ready & then was too drunk to fuck,  
who ploughed through five years PHD work to find a vacant job market & the few open  
classes not enough to pay rent, so built houses in the 'burbs & sipped Bud in  
rabbi's back yards hearing stories of Moses & Joshua & Aaron, & the story  
of Job hit a special nerve,  
who got fat in Bainbridge Street lofts living off pot-dealing money, writing landscape  
poems remembering Virginia beaches & a shiksa's skinny little ass, how much  
give it had or didn't have as it bobbed up & down in the waves,  
who met booty calls on the Franklin Institute steps & got naked & boned watched by Jane  
across the street fingering herself secretly,  
who got sent to Budapest by parents to study math, having failed out of Penn & Temple  
& having been burned out by years of scraping three-chord riffs & hitting bars  
& orgies & all the time wondering why things seemed so empty,  
who were exiled to academic New Hampshire, poems in hand, devising childhood  
vignettes of coffee Moms & smoking Dads & cold mornings out on Federal,  
who kept afloat writing copy for Urban Outfitter's, getting blitzed at poetry parties & up-  
staging ex-boyfriends w/ yuppie-puppy hook-ups,  
who worked as concierge at the Four Seasons, scored w/ a pale blonde bookstore chick  
only to have a bookstore Byron steal her back & write about it,  
& you have to see him every day, he's always lurking in odd  
café corners & no one knows what he's thinking or why,  
(& in fact no one knows what anybody's thinking, it's a sin & a drag & candor is in short  
supply in an artificial virtual era, & our "there" is nowhere),  
who collapsed in lines at Starbucks, knocking over displays of gourmet tea, spent two  
weeks in the psych ward at Jefferson, visited by solicitous boyfriends bearing  
chocolate & coffee table Raphael books & playing ping pong for hours while  
several schizophrenics huddle together watching "Sleepless in Seattle",  
who picked up photographers in coffee-shops & boned them sans condom on piles  
of black & white prints,  
who prowled through suburbs w/ a half-lit bowl, passing dread Cheltenham where  
endless tears flowed through virginal misery, stopping for a deep hit by the old  
house drowning nostalgia in thick green smoke,  
who toured the world & got famous & threw it away for a needle & couldn't sleep for the  
thought that the thing could never happen again,  
who sat at Gleaners waiting for contracting jobs, played UNO & Scrabble & were masters  
of both, well-spoken beneath knitted caps & trapped as lame tigers,  
who got knocked up by Rastafarians & were left to raise babies on a waitress's salary,  
picking up tips & shit for being bitter, sister at home keeping the baby fed,  
who wrestled demons of bi-polarity tool-box in hand, looking for lost screws & sockets,

fixing locks toilets hinges refrigerators, hoping the voices wouldn't come at an important moment, rattling through the ether w/ a sinister cackle, mocking the silliness of ever doing anything other than smoke drink & fuck,  
who were flushed out of New Orleans like a tampon back into the soot of Spruce Street, drinking through frigid winter Philly doldrums, mornings too raw for walking, too-white music in the clubs, no mint juleps on the menu, only Jager & Jack & Stoli & Captain Morgan's,  
who got it on w/ keyboardists for riot grrl bands in bathtubs flooding tiles splashing walls all for ten seconds of the ultimate chorus,  
who slept w/ a different guy every night two months then took a year off writing confessional verse on My-Space for 40,000 friends,  
every one of whom wanted sex, love, a chance to hold somebody tenderly & forget that the whole virtual charade ever happened,  
who labored through slow days in Philadelphia's dead-end streets, breezes annoyingly sharp where Market hits City Hall & the Broad Street line gets off,  
who took the Broad Street Line to Allegheny to look at an art gallery as possible event-space but found a rat-infested shit-hole w/ a few bad Basquiat imitations on the wall & a toilet dripped on not by Pollock & a floor that would inspire another Munch & a girl from the Northeast before a mirror but only too round,  
& who was forced to shut-down a co-op that no one could run any more in a fractious scene in a fractious city in a fractious country in a fractious era,  
a fractious world where the artist counts for shit & waits for shit to happen that can't happen anymore because the numbers aren't there anymore the guns are,  
the artist plays w/ guns, runs around shooting blanks at a dead world, curved into himself like an ingrown nail, hailed randomly by strangers to carry boulders up hills & teach the children, the noble artist looks for the transcendent will the natural will the will-to-form, the will to turn around the deadness into something else a place where hope lives & allows one to cope w/ what's been dead in America for years the spirit the spirit the feeling that things are progressing must progress that progress can be made & there's no reason to wait for anyone else to do it cause why should they it falls on the artist to create it all him or her self & that's what they've done & what they're doing & if a new dawn awaits or if it doesn't the struggle goes on to put things down that mean something more than nothing which in this day & age means a hell of a lot because it's worth everything & you can't quantify it if you tried

## II.

What hung over Philly, NYC, D.C., what swept through the freezing streets w/ sleet & cold snow?  
Virtual women on cell-phones clicking buttons talking Jolie Spears & Simpson, stopping in boutiques to try on blouses & purses & cursing maxed credit cards!  
Virtual men in suits & London fog overcoats talking numbers figures & prospects betting on Phillies Fliers Nationals Eagles living vicariously through overpaid clowns!  
Virtual tunes on the radio, three chord synth-driven sappy cliché-ridden tripe belted out by Whitney Britney & Mariah, plush beat-programmed god-damned garbage!  
Virtual movies w/ impossible sex scenes everything falling into place perfectly for two perfect bodies sans sloppiness of real caresses & how people look undressed!  
Virtual galleries showing warmed over nihilistic facile installations of piles of rubbish lugged in w/ out skill craft or love sitting in a dump masquerading as art!  
Virtual ads for virtual products gum that chews better Old Navy sweaters McDonald's hamburgers Toyotas Hondas Oldsmobiles hot wheels for prosperous suburban jerks jamming up expressways carbon dioxide flying into an atmosphere of used to be American greatness faded into days of fat complacency!  
Virtual leaders vomiting sound-bites for virtual commentators Fox News CNN spouting platitudinous blarney to keep the asshole half of the country happy w/ a disastrous administration bucking the Kyoto treaty to keep oil flowing & wiping out regimes for no good reason other than crude black crap to kill forests!  
Virtual TV "illustrating imbecile illusions of happiness" inducing mass spiritual slumber humming a nation to sleep believing everything's OK as long as Will & Grace stay happy inside the little idiot box on four hours a night!  
Virtual bars & conversations knocking back twenty lagers & pints of Jagermeister trying to forget years frittered away in pursuit of music that didn't work paintings that didn't sell movies that went unseen as the world swirled by denying they ever knew or cared what art was!  
Virtual love affairs based on fucking can't say what you're feeling but kneel before the altar of sex for its' own sake magazine culture!  
Virtual friends virtually loving virtually hugging virtually drugging each other on the Internet fretting waiting for e-mail games of who writes first!  
Virtual Jesus virtual Moses virtual Buddha virtual Jewish pleas to please return to Baruch Atah Adonai Elohanu Melech Chaolom,  
Blessed art thou Lord of the Universe Forever & Ever Amen now please give me Bar Mitzvah money to spend on Nintendo Super Mario & a hot new I-Pod ready for instant use on spring afternoons before Hebrew School,  
& the world is only virtually holy anymore & holiness can be bought in any store where money changes hands cause solvency is Heaven Thy Kingdom Come Thy Will Be Done our Father, Holy Ghost & Son delivered all in holy green!

## III.

suffer ye victims  
of a virtual age!  
suffer ye victims  
of Microsoft rage!  
suffer ye noble,  
wayward as Shelley,

suffer ye hopeful,  
fire in belly!  
suffer a new, bitter, screwed, littered America!  
suffer ye who know Jesus w/ out casting  
stones!  
suffer the action abandoned to dumbness,  
suffering the actions unspoken & loveless,  
suffering the action unfurling our country,  
picking up oil & oil-soaked money!

IV.

Allen Ginsberg! I'm w/ you in Heaven  
where we feel like two sages,  
where bread is unleavened  
& no *granfalloon* rages!  
I'm w/ you in Heaven  
where the air is like nitrous,  
where deadness is deadened  
& you're plagued by no virus!  
I'm w/ you in Heaven  
where the feeling is placid,  
where we're ruled by no felon  
& lay tripping on acid!  
I'm w/ you in Heaven  
where the Buddha is grinning,  
where no self-schemas leaden  
lead to feelings of sinning!  
I'm w/ you in Heaven  
where poetry's money,  
where the moon's always setting  
& the sky's always sunny!  
I'm w/ you in Heaven  
where each spirit is sexy,  
where you love who you're bedding  
& you touch them correctly!  
I'm w/ you in Heaven  
where no fame is too famous,  
where you know what you're getting  
& all power is blameless!  
I'm w/ you in Heaven  
where each spirit can run things,  
where self-governed settlements  
take place of gun-slugs!  
I'm w/ you in Heaven  
where America's perfect,  
where the states have no nettles  
& the taxes are worth it!  
I'm w/ you in Heaven  
where we're writing this poem,  
where we're secretly betting  
how far we can throw 'em!  
I'm w/ you in Heaven  
where the jokes are Eternal,  
where the Hope is unfettered  
& the dope is supernal!  
I'm w/ you in Heaven,  
where I'll stay 'til the war ends,  
where I'll lay w/ your blessing  
in the shade of a God-Head!

V.

Apocalypse! Apocalypse! It's over! It's over! We're living in twilight! Twilight the streets, twilight the houses, twilight the beats, twilight the louses! This is Rome, this is Nero, this is home, this is Zero! Apocalypse! Apocalypse! It's ending! Ending the guns, ending the money, ending the sun, ending the honey— bums, guns, sex, drugs, scum, Jesus, love, reason, all over! All ending! All covered! All bending! This is Rome, this is Egypt, this is feces! It's over! We're living in the End-Times! Over the getting, over the spending, over the feeling, over the lending! Forests, traffic, mountains, madness, plaster suburbs, drastic lovers, over! Apocalypse! Apocalypse! Twilight the schools, twilight the college, twilight the fools, twilight the knowledge! Twilight degrees, twilight alone, twilight & freeze, twilight unknown! Ending the quest, ending the artist, ending the rest, ending the parties! This is Rome, this Atlantis, this is home, this is hopeless! Dope, smoke, Starbucks, Hotmail, gropes, jokes, spirit e-mail, souls, moles, used car salesmen, fags, hags, gun-mad mailmen! Apocalypse! Apocalypse even for the faithful! Even for the Enlightened! Even for the patient! Even for the frightened! Even for the transcendent unbending resplendent defended art-mensch! Apocalypse! Run for shelter! Run for cover! Helter-skelter! Find a lover! Do something! Hold something! Screw something! Do someone! Before the end that's coming! Before the end that's drumming! Before the end of suffer! Before the end of lover! Act, suffer, feel, act, suffer, feel, & do it & do it again! Over the time when you live in a rhyme & it's okay to rest & to slowly confess! Apocalypse! Apocalypse! It's over! It's over!

Posted by [X-Peri](#) at 6:12:00 PM



**X-Peri**

X-Peri is a stream for high experimentalism. Submission queries may be directed to [daniel@x-peri.org](mailto:daniel@x-peri.org).

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# X-Peri

high experimentalism

Monday, November 16, 2020

## Adam Fieled, On the Schuylkill and To Satan



SpaceSchuylkill, image by Adam Fieled

### On the Schuylkill

Borne by the river's back, boat-legions rolled  
 in search of commerce, bridges to build;  
 souls, cargo (heavy, light), bought & sold,  
 coffers waiting in Philly to be filled.  
 Ladies leaped gingerly onto green banks,  
 bound in satin or lace, versed in politesse or no,  
 & walked rote patterns, inscribed insignias in the air;  
 crew-ship kids, underlings already in their ranks,  
 sought to make the landing show-offy, slow,  
 hulked a hundred yards from a drunken fair.

Add a century, an Expressway looms over  
 the murk— wave-sounds, squeals, & metal—  
 which the Schuylkill cannot answer, hovering  
 under— slow-moving, patient, & settled.  
 The river's mind is limpid— the human race  
 churns around it restlessly, adding bodies  
 shorn of dignity, bloated, pulp-bloody, blue,  
 having carried burdens the river never dreams

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- ▶ 2021 (1)
- ▼ 2020 (48)
  - ▶ December (4)
  - ▼ November (4)
    - Ilker Artiran, Ice Part, #2
    - Melissa Studdard, When Minimalists Collaborate, If...
    - Adam Fieled, On the Schuylkill and To Satan
    - #@الله Al Blood Testalent TanzTanz Meat\$\$\$ Al Myt...
  - ▶ October (4)
  - ▶ September (4)
  - ▶ August (4)
  - ▶ July (4)
  - ▶ June (4)
  - ▶ May (4)
  - ▶ April (4)
  - ▶ March (4)
  - ▶ February (4)
  - ▶ January (4)
- ▶ 2019 (81)
- ▶ 2018 (66)
- ▶ 2017 (102)
- ▶ 2016 (129)
- ▶ 2015 (44)

of, emptiness so incorrigible the Schuylkill's face  
registers nothing but disinterested waves— tender, true.

The Over-brain, peering in, questioning, elevates  
the Schuylkill's mystery into frozen heat—  
truth & beauty buoyed up in the browning, decay, fate  
of all water-bodies prone to human meat—  
I sit on the edge, watching overhanging leaves,  
frozen myself by the gross negligence  
of what lies beneath the river's surface,  
& my own, as the summer sun inverts, grieves,  
for the masses, exploring no penitence  
as I am, grounded, here, & diving for purpose—

### To Satan

Let it not be said that his rhetoric drifts  
out of focus on Earth for a casual minute—  
nor that just retribution is not terribly swift  
for those who disrespect his intimate business;  
as the new mother, tethered away from her child,  
meths up, eats what she doesn't want  
to mortify dread that she might be other  
than a perfect Satan's gofer, brainwashed, wild—  
infanticide-schemes, inverted taunts,  
floorboards arranged under carpets, defiled.

Pentagrams engraved on truth's justice-seats,  
masks woven wanly of paint-wearing flesh;  
abattoirs littered with poison-dwarf sweets,  
histories chopped out for infants, near death;  
what are they scripting of filth, for what?  
That all the false idols, set in a line, might dance  
tangled, backwards, to all that lends dread?  
How is he drifting? He's straight, he's shut  
against any heart holds a heavenly chance  
of imposing their visions, getting bardic in bed.

You're a ruddy old Big Man Downstairs, you,  
fibs so jejune I can't hear but to laugh—  
your buttons are pinned upon somebody who  
mistook all the fame for a fortunate path.  
Why governments swoon before truth is clear—  
you set the bar too high, and low at once,  
no innocent cleric can face all the dumbness—  
why all of these drones from downstairs, not here,  
can't spit out a lick out of being a dunce,  
define for the ages what being a bum is.

—Adam Fieled

Posted by [X-Peri](#) at [9:12:00 AM](#)



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